

*****M-----S*****

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"I'm not sure what wrestling media constitutes. Are newsletters wrestling media? A few are for sure, but how many really are?" --Dave Meltzer, Editor, in the 4/4/94 *Wrestling Observer Newsletter*

Yes. Once again, as the hurricanes of change sweep like Steinerlines across wrestling's landscape, these same winds turn and suddenly blow Hellwig-like into the springtime quietude at Sushiland, where, amidst weeping willow trees, and meadows filled with bees, the gale becomes a breeze, and the breeze begins to wheeze, and before anyone can sneeze, the draft whispers from its knees (in a voice as small as peas)... "Before I die, pleeease... change the name of this &%\$*#@!% sheet! And get rid of those &%\$*#@ing ess-aay-ess-eee's!"

And so we did.

With relative ease.

___Jeez...

Hello, everyone! I'm Jeff Mullins. Welcome to Pro Wrestling Sushi's latest incarnation (and our *big* effort to attain a degree of excellence in wrestling elocution!) Yes, the "Son of ~~Leino~~ Sushi" is dead. Long live the son! A few other changes around here, too, as we struggle to rise to a new level of excellence, right up there with all the other r-e-a-l wrestling ~~hotlines~~ media sheets. So, read the following information carefully (as if you were an incredibly green ~~piece of meat~~ jobber receiving quick instructions on how to take a "simple" bump...from Marty "~~It's easy!~~" Jannetty!)

1.) Yes, gone are the requirements which forced you to self-address, stamp, mutilate, and send return-envelopes to Sushiland. Yep! No more SASE's! (I can almost hear some of you cheering from 3,000 miles away.)

2.) For current subscribers, your old SASE's have been pro-rated upwards (from \$1.29) to \$1.50 each, which, long ago, was the price of this sheet and which, once again, is the new price (\$1.50) per issue.

3.) For new subscriptions or renewals, from anywhere in North America, send from \$3 up to \$18 in U.S. cash to the above address.

4.) Or...you may send U.S. checks made payable to "Jeff Mullins" only. (Price per issue for overseas is \$2.50 in U.S. postal money orders.)

5.) Red marks on your envelope now represent your subscription balance in dollars and cents...because...

6.) Whenever less than a regular 10-page issue is published, less money will be subtracted from your subscription balance, since an 8-pager will cost only \$1.25, 6-pages/\$1, and so on. The idea being that without being handcuffed to the ~~ring ropes~~ to a set number of pages each issue, we can publish more often, with monthly as our goal (versus every now and then, which, let's face it, has been a major ~~fregride~~ drag even for us.)

So, don't delay. Send your bucks (but no more SASE's) today! And don't miss out on the dawning of a new era in pro wrestling media excellence!

(The next issue, dated May 23, has already been mailed to readers with a sub balance.)

What's in a name? Don't miss the next few issues...

Over the next four issues, the name of this sheet will begin to "materialize" as, with each new issue, a few missing "letters" will be added

to the masthead. PS: Even as you read this, the next issue of M S is already in the mail, containing (among other things) our own "unique" post-SLAMBOREE spin regarding WCW's "Dilly from Philly" plus exclusive Sushi News Service (SNS) stories, including one about the airport mix-up involving caskets containing the body of a recently deceased former U.S. president and a napping WWF wrestler, and a report concerning the "chilling" pro-wrestling "farewell" given serial killer John Wayne Gacy by Riki-Jack Kavorkian, Jr., a mysterious reader of this sheet (who is also the guy at the Illinois State Big House who hooks-up death row inmates for their final ~~falls count anywhere in the building~~ injections!) --Jeff Mullins, Editor

Yes, indeed, exactly what does constitute legitimate wrestling media?

Letters to the editor

Why, you might ask, do "letters" take up almost this entire issue? Read them and find out. By the time you've reached the end, we think you will agree (due to the "theme" running through most of them) that it only makes sense to kick-off our new era of excellence with these letters (and our responses to them.)

Despite what follows (relative to length), when you write and mail us your own letters, please make them brief, humorous, or--like the ones below--the kind you probably won't find anywhere else.

Montebello reader's 'violent blood feud'

Dear Sushi,

It's stupid, folding four envelopes to fit into one the same size! How am I supposed to do it? I hope the next few issues are worth it, because this is really humiliating.

Sorry, I guess I'm just in a rotten mood.

I'm in the middle of a violent blood feud with the notorious smart fan John Williams and it's hard to lighten up. I didn't mind him ripping Wade Keller in his famous *Torch* letter-to-the editor, but he's so in love with the word "obtuse" that he's running around using it in front of all the hard cores of Alhambra to describe me. Shit. I've had to move from Alhambra to Montebello to avoid all this character assassination. It wouldn't bother me so much, if only I knew what the word "obtuse" meant.

I guess it all started with me making him return my William Muldoon "Lifetime Record Book" after he kept it for three months. Then he challenged my wrestling integrity by suggesting that I knowingly held back information that his idol Lou Thesz also had pinned Rikidozan (Honolulu, 12-6-53), Antonio Inoki (Kagoshima, Japan 5-3-62), and Shohei Baba, (Detroit, 2-8-64, or Chicago, 2-15-64) in order to push my idol The Destroyer in the *Observer* as the only wrestler to pin all three. (Yeah, well, Thesz never pinned Mil Mascaras!)

And that's not all that bothers me about John Williams.

At dinners in restaurants when a bunch of us hardcores gather, this heel always tries to impress waitresses by claiming he's Michael J. Fox from Hollywood. What really steams me is that he then introduces me as Bob Denver from Gilligan's Island!

I'm sick of this guy, but I feel helpless because at the Lucha cards he always sits closer to my personal lawyer and guru Bob "Mr. Pissing Contest" Barnett. But Williams will slip up someday, and when he does, I'll make sure his name will become synonymous with other wrestling criminals such as Vince McMahon, Dusty Rhodes, Dave Meltzer, Mel Phillips, and Bugsy McGraw.

All I need is a forum like Sushi to expose this villian.

I mean, what has John Williams given back monetarily to the wrestling business lately? At least, I subscribe to Sushi!

Steve Yohe

Montebello, CA

A Lucha Libre 'solution' for Mr. Yohe's problem with smug letter Writer John Williams!

Dear Mister Yohe,

Jubie Jaycito here, the nine-and-a-half year old Loocha Leebray lovin' infant-terrible' from Sushiland, California.

Jeez. You don't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out how to fold a few self-addressed-stamped-envelopes along with some dollar bills and stuff them into a mailing envelope! But then you are a rocket scientist, arn't you?! (Oh, sh-t! The U.S. Space Program is in b-i-g trouble now! Ha-ha-ha! Just kidding, Mr. Yohe.) Hey, you don't have to send SASE's any more, anyway!

Have you ever sent a "pizza-maker" into space?

I know one who lives in Steele, Missouri. His name is Brian Tramel. I'd like to see him stuffed into a rocket ship, shot into outer space, and put into orbit around the sun. An orbit really close to the sun. So %!\$*#@ing close to the sun that the tongue in his mouth will bake like sour dough while the skin on his butt bubbles like mozzarella cheese for the rest of his life, as all the time he's screaming and yelling about how hot it is in the kitchen! Now, that's a video I want for Xmas.

Why am I so po'd with Mister Tramel? The other day I called him up for a salami pizza and he wouldn't deliver it. Say's Sushiland is out of his delivery zone! What kind of excuse is that?! Hasn't he heard of high technology? Like a fax machine? I send Dave Meltzer "things" via the fax machine all the time! Jeez...

Sorry to hear about your problems with that egg-sucking hardcore-in-love-with-himself John Williams who, by the way, was in the Observer's READERS PAGES again, with a high-faluting letter about a Lucha card that I think you also wrote about! He sounds like a Michael Buffer-type, to me. He also sounds like the kind of person we kids at Lucretia Mott Elementary School usually stuff into garbage cans when the yard duty supervisor has her back turned.

Have you ever heard the sound a metal garbage can makes when you beat on it with yardsticks, when it's containing someone who is locked inside? Someone who is claustrophobic? Maybe this is what you should do when Mister Hardcore Who's in Love with Himself John Williams uses words like "obtuse" which, if I am not mistaken, is used to describe people who chew glass and wonder why they can't whistle a happy tune.

Or, if you really want to fix John "He's Never Given Back to Graps What It's Given Unto Him" Williams, the next time a Loocha show comes to town, tell him you're taking him to a "costume party" and that he needs to wear a funny mask and a pair of kinky leotards, and when you get to the show, toss his smug letter-to-the-editor-writing-ass into the ring during a match featuring Love Machine & Eddie Guererro & Jerry Estrada and sit back and enjoy the pinata party! Ha-ha-ha! Your little friend,

Jubie Jaycito Payaso La Parka Perrokeeto Aguayo Mullins
Sushiland, CA



Jubie Jaycito Payaso
Susheetolan', CA

Florida man wants 'Moron Glossary!'

Yo, Sahib,

I am compelled to write because of all the recent dribble between you,

Meltzer, and Ron Lemieux, especially this horse shit between you and Dave. Friend, it is a big world and a long life and there is plenty of room in it--even in the cluster-fuck that has become California--for all of you to peacefully do your respective things. And if not, then all of you should be tossed over a clothesline with your hands melded to a single computer console, twirling in the sun, fangs dripping with readers' money, mouthing inane insults, lost forever in the frenzy of imagined self-importance, neurotic bit players waiting in the wings!

Enough is enough!

We demand wrestling!

We prefer our soap operas from and in the ring!

Enough about you guys!

As for one of your recent issues (#9), son, I am about to break your heart. It wasn't funny. It was filled with heavy-handed parodies, blunt satire (not the slicing kind!), and, worst of all, it did not contain much wrestling information!

Mockery of Sabu?!

That, o'scribe of mine, is a serious offense.

I happen to be acquainted with that fine gentleman and you might not ridicule him if you were one yourself. The man could easily (and cheerfully) hand you your spleen if he was of the mind.

By the way, what is a KAY FABE? Where do the wrestlers secrete the blades before and after the dirty deed? How about a Moron Glossary for Hardcore Wanna-be's? And why did that greasy maggot Jose Gonzales kill Bruiser Brody? I heard it was over money. I also heard it was a "fag" thing. If BB ever sucked ----s, then I'll go remove my baby's eyes with a spoon!

Randy Spotts

Lake Worth, FL

Response to moron who wants 'Florida Glossary!'

[Editor' Note: Recently, Sushiland received a "letter-to-the-editor" from a new subscriber, a nasty minded, evil-tongued fan from Lake Worth, FL who uses the obviously fictitious name of "Randy Spotts." In response to Mr. Spotts, Sushiland resident Riki-Jack Hammeroyd was enlisted to pen the reply that follows.]

Dear "Randy Spots,"

Yeah, sure. Your legit name is "Randy Spots." (And monkeys play tag in Madonna's butt!)

Yes, we received your \$\$\$, your stamps, and the letter the cow you call a girl friend obviously crapped on, seeing as how we have not seen such horrendous typing or so much verbal b.s. spewing forth from one human-being since Jeff Jarrett entered the WWF.

As for you and Sabu being acquainted, the two of you Dusty Rhodes-like Scholars together couldn't put enough oars in the water to paddle a canoe downstream. And anyone who moonsaults onto tables isn't exactly someone I'd invite over to my house for dinner!

To answer your questions and comments:

1.) "Kay Fabe" is Fay Ray's mother and Mary Kay's twin sister. Don't you read your Observer!

2.) "Blades" are small broken bits of Super Blues wrapped in adhesive tape which are hidden in a wrestler's wrist band (or anus.)

Next time Vader "bleeds" from the forehead, run the tape back in slo-mo and see if the cameraman catches him appearing to scratch his ass. Actually, he's not scratching; he's going for his blade! (Why doesn't Meltzer ever expose this part of the bidness, huh!?)

3.) As for your suggestion concerning the need for a "Moron Glossary" for hardcores, I've always thought that's why 98% of hardcores from Florida, like you, have spell-checkers in the lunchpails you carry with you as you ride around all day in those mini busses that carry people who wear helmets! (I'm sure if you ordered Wade Keller's big 1993 year-ender, you've already seen the section in it where he decodes many of the terms used by wrestlers and their adoring harecore fans.)

4.) Why did Jose Gonzales kill Bruiser Brody? Didn't you read the trial coverage! Brody was "in-character" when he confronted Gonzales about pay-offs. Gonzales suspended disbelief, was scared shitless, and reacted like any normal human when confronted by a foaming, raving wild-man: You pull out your switch-blade, kill first, ask questions later! (You know...I wonder if that's how it happened? Brody being in character...)

5.) As far as Bruiser Brodie being a "fag," I never heard that one in the Observer, but since you asked a question like that, if you'll promise to send me the video of you "spooning" the eyes out of your child's head, I'll provide you with the spoon and a tape for your cam-corder, seeing as how the only "child" that could ever have escaped from your loins would be a twelve-inch long turd with SKITTLES for eyes, you Travis McGee-reading, swamp-water-drinking, allegator-eyed, egg-sucking, bottom-of-the-deck-dealing poor excuse for a Busted Flush!

6.) As for you sending me consecutively numbered dollar bills, which were printed during the year Bruiser Brody was killed... Jeez, man... That sort of gesture tells me something about you and the kind of person you really are, down deep, where it counts, and for that, I'll consider you an "Honorary Brudder" (who simply needs an attitude adjustment). Obviously, you're a jerk, but, well, you're a Sushiland kind of jerk, and they don't come any finer. Stay in touch, pal.

Your's truly,

Riki-Jack Hammeroyd, (Editor in Charge of Dishing Out Abuse to Unsuspecting New Subscribers!)

Meltzer: Private buddy? P.R. guy? Father figure?

Dear Jeff

Shakespear said it best (well, at least first), that essentially a man's evil deeds are far more remembered than his good ones. Something like that.

Anyway, everyone is open for fair criticism and apparently many have enjoyed Sushi's "Open Season on Meltzer." Certainly his harshest critics don't even try to deny Dave's impact and contributions to a general knowledge share for our hardcore wrestling community.

Dave is a victim of his own success and talent. We have been enthralled and enlightened by the *Observer* and I need not enunciate all the joy it has brought us. So, now 5,000 readers want Dave to be their own private buddy, public relations guy, father figure, etc., and expect perfection from him!

Obviously, Dave (unlike Jesus, Moses, and the Undertaker!) cannot possibly live up to our pedestal of total virtue. So, we build men like Meltzer into idols and then, eventually we find the need to destroy them, because they do not bring us total happiness all the time. So, our fallen idol makes mistakes and disappoints us. Maybe you all are correct, I won't argue.

In fact, attacking Dave seems like so much fun, I'm tempted to join in the kidding. But I can't. I won't. I do not wish to deny anyone their opportunity to roast Meltzer, and I won't kiss anyone's butt, either. Yet, I must speak from deep within myself, that Dave Meltzer is a man of integrity.

I respect him, and I'm proud to call him a friend.

Dore DeQuattro

Howard Beach, NY

Strife between former 'friends' bugs Oklahoma person

Dear Jeff

I hope you and Rambling Ron Lemieux patch things up. Although, I love to see hardcores going tooth-n-nail in the sheets; it bugs me when it's two people I enjoy reading stuff from. That and the fact that you and Ron were good buddies at one time bothers me. Guess we'll see how it all shakes out in the end.

PS: I'm starting to get hot and heavy with this stripper named Tami. I can now enter that strip club I got kicked out of last summer. The dancer who got me booted and I talked at a White Zombie concert. She said she forgave me so we went to her new place of employment and mended those fences. I'm happier now than I've ever been. Things are going great. I'm writing for Dave Prazak's *Outside Interference* again. What more can a sick, sadistic MF like me ask for?

Wade Ratliff

Blanchard, OK

[Editor's note: Wade, have you ever carefully poured a tablespoon of chili powder into folded dollar bills before tucking them down the fronts of strippers' panties? After a few minutes, it makes 'em start dancing around like they're air-humping an army of red fire ants! I've never done it, of course, since I don't frequent stripper joints, but a reader who used to go to them a lot says he saw Ron Lemieux doing stuff like that all the time. He also says Lemieux used to spend so much money at stripper joints, after attending wrestling matches, that one Xmas, when Ron was low on funds, before the birth of his second child, he wrote his oldest son a Xmas-present I.O.U. on the back of a cocktail napkin from a strip joint called Mon Venus. (Hey, exactly how do you "mend" a stripper's "fence?" And don't tell me you do it first by going over to her house and trimming her bush!)]

As for Lemieux and me patching things up... Yeah, it bothers me, too.]

Torch columnist responds to Sushilander's 'suspicions'

[Editor's note: A couple of issues ago this sheet wondered aloud why some of the columnists from Wade Keller's Pro Wrestling Torch and the editor of the Wrestling Observer Newsletter frequently seemed to come up with identical observations--at times word for word--regarding a particular match or event.

When one very unusual term such as "broadway" and another term (albeit more common, yet one of many terms or descriptions which could have been employed) such as "sleazy" were used during the same week to describe the exact situation in the nation's top two wrestling sheets, we could not help but think that maybe Torch columnists Mark Madden and Chris Zavisa were on the phones right after the pay-per-view shows trading notes with Dave Meltzer (or vice' versa) before calling in their META-ANALYSIS reports to Wade, or, in Dave's case, before printing his own comments in WON, and that (because they had been talking to each other) their thoughts, either purposefully or inadvertently, had become cross-pollinated and what we (who subscribe to both of these sheets) were reading was, in fact, a collusion of ideas, a consensus of mind, an homogenization of opinion instead of separate, divergent viewpoints which, let's face it, is why many of us mail greenbacks or checks totalling \$150 each year to Campbell-by-the-Sea and Minneapolis.

According to one of the Torch's columnists, who is also a reader of this sheet, well...let him tell it in his own words.]

Dear Jeff,

Regarding your note and published references to *Torch-Observer* alliances on PPV reviews, I have never--and I do mean never--talked with Wade, Dave, or any of the other columnists before writing a review of an event. I do not have any firm rule or overriding ethical principle about doing this, I simply have never had the occasion to do it.

I guess it all stems from the premise that you would only call someone in that capacity if you 1) had doubt's about your feelings or impressions of the event you have just seen, or 2) had so much respect for that person's feelings, that you wanted to piggyback your thoughts on theirs to suck up to them.

When I watch the events, it usually works like this. I view all the free WCW Clashes at my house and write my reviews without talking to anybody. Almost always, I send in or call in these WCW reviews the same night. With respect to PPV events, since my cable system is old and does not get them, I watch the major WWF shows at John Muse's house, and I catch the WCW pay-per-views at wrestler Mike Kelley's house. If my opinion is contaminated by anybody, it could be by them.

I guess the "Broadway" references, which appeared in both sheets, were just two great (or twisted) minds thinking alike.

As for the "sleazy" comment, I don't think I used that one in my review, but for what its worth, Sleazy always was my favorite of The Seven Dwarves!

Also, I have never met any of the other three columnists. I spoke with Mark Madden, once by phone for about ten minutes when he was in Detroit for a hockey tournament. I have spoken twice by phone with Bruce Mitchell over 18 months ago and we talked more about college basketball than we did wrestling. Carlie Gill called me once to get a source for GONG magazine and that lasted less than five minutes.

Chris Zavis
Plymouth, MI

Former sheet editor feels Sushi is wimping out!

Hey, Jeff:

Know what I keep thinking while reading the Sushi that came out after the "Meltzer" issue? That you got some negative feedback and are wimping out. That some people were feeling Sushi has become more of a rant zine than a wrestling humor sheet. Also, I'm a bit concerned that you are getting a bit too much Dusty-like.

You promised that the "Meltzer" issue would reveal the truth about the heat between you and Meltzer and you gave us a screw-job finish. You asked for "Questions for Dave" and ignored them, at least publicly. You start a feud (with Ron Lemieux) in one issue and virtually ignore it the next time out. Yep, becoming just like WCW.

I'd like to see the letter Lemieux sent you, but will limit myself to that. I will say though, that, truthfully, you and your readers would possibly have been better served if you had printed his letter and reduced a somewhat boring coverage of an extremely boring Clash.

In my opinion, I think you need to continue to make more fun of, chide, and gently bash people in the sheet world and a bit in the biz. That's what makes Sushi great. However, I do think, frankly, that you have been too much at Meltzer. Okay, so he slighted you, or pissed you off. Blast hell out of him and get it out in the open. Or set it aside and get on with your life and sheet. This isn't to say I think you should go easy on Meltzer. I do believe that you should get your feud with him, if that's the proper term, out in the open and out of the way and get back to doing your wide ranging, satirical

coverage of all sorts of people.

Well, enough of this raving. I've got some soup made out of goose parts, duck necks, chicken legs, rabbit carcass, potatoes, carrots, onions, garlic, dried beans, peas and barley, all cooked on a wood burning heater over parts of four different days. Suppose it's edible?

Rodney Leighton

Pugwash, Nova Scotia, Canada

[Editor's note: Rod, for you--I trust--the soup is edible. But with all those 'powerful' ingredients in it, I wouldn't want to be within 10 miles of Pugwash when you pass gas! Talk about Kwang's deadly green Muta mist!]

EDITORIAL...

Finally: Some answers from Sushiland's (former) version of Bill Watts...

Rodney Leighton is a former wrestling sheet editor, review zine publisher, and writer of numerous witty columns and serious to fun-and-feud-filled letters which, throughout the years, have appeared in various underground bulletins, including this one.

Even though Rodney blasts this editor from time to time, and often makes me feel like I have sinned, his criticisms are generally plausible to warranted and almost always are backed up with specifics as well as suggestions, like in his letter above.

Despite the fact that I also think Rodney Leighton is a cantankerous S.O.B. who probably rings the necks of his ducks slowly so that he can watch their eyes bug out before he plops them into his soup pot, I enjoy Rodney's insights into pro wrestling and I especially respect his ability and knack to review sheets. And while I may not always agree with him, especially when he's ringing my own neck (just to watch my own eyes bug out), I consider Rodney to be a great friend, one who I know wishes me and my sheet no ill-fortune, but also a friend who does not let our friendship get in the way of him saying whatever's on his mind--whatever he likes or dislikes about my sheet--whenever he feels like it.

For me, were I to slight, blacklist, try to minimize, bury, or not recognize Rodney Leighton just because I don't always agree with what he says or because he hits a raw nerve every now and then, this is something I never have done and hope I never will do in the future.

All of us, especially those of us who call ourselves sheet editors, can never afford to turn a deaf ear toward criticism, especially criticism that may very well contain within it a shred of truth or a bucketful of the viably obvious.

Whether you are Dave Meltzer, Wade Keller, or any of the other fine to pretender sheet editors out there (with Jeff Mullins included somewhere in this mix), and you consider yourself a serious editor, trying to do a serious job, covering a sport that's not really a sport (but, nevertheless, it is something about which you really care and are serious), and you'd like to be considered a notch or two above what has always been called the "Apter" mags, or you want to conduct yourself and run your sheet in a manner that is a little better, a little more open, a little less controlling, less manipulative, and possibly a bit more honest and decent than the way most of the wrestling promoters (and many of the workers) you often detest have behaved, you owe it to yourself to have at least one friend (and critic) like Rodney Leighton, even though he may piss you off at times, may miss the boat at other times, or, on occasion, may even get carried away on personal "voyages" or mini-vendettas of his own. (Hmmm. For some reason those words seem to strike home...)

Dusty-like! The editor of this sheet is becoming...Dusty-like?

Ouch! That hurts.

Essentially, for those of you, like Rodney, who've wondered, here are some answers.

The "Meltzer" issue of Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi that came out several months ago was not the one that was originally planned.

When Dave Meltzer's appendix burst and he was eventually hospitalized for the better part of two weeks with complications that, indeed, were life threatening, his illness and successful return to full health took precedence over any esoteric need this writer had to become a fullblown jerk at Meltzer's, or anyone else's, expense. As fate would have it, since we were committed to publishing something about Meltzer, along came Ron Lemieux. After dealing us some (probably) well deserved, but also some pretty unfair blows in Barry Rose's *Chairshots* year-ender, Ron became the stand-in, or foil, for some of the heat between Dave and me, and I published the revised "Meltzer" issue which re-directed a lot of Sushiland's loaded diapers at Ron, while also containing a variety of the most witty, sincere, and

heartfelt (both pro and con) letters from readers about Dave Meltzer that have ever been published anywhere, which I believe, were really the heart-and-soul-highlight of the issue. Somehow, the "Meltzer" issue has sold more than 375 copies and now (because it is simply time to do this) it is no longer for sale.

Yes, instead of nailing Dave with an additional 10-pages of venom, which---thru my eyes---detailed his "crimes" against humanity, I withdrew all of that shit and pulled a Dusty Rhodes' screwjob-like ending by not fully explaining the heat between Dave and me.

Essentially, for me, the heat started when Dave began calling Sushi a "comedy" sheet, or other variations on that theme, when, in fact, humor was only a part of the sheet's gimmick.

To pass Sushi off as just comedy, without recognizing its serious side, diminishes all the hard work, long hours, and creativity that goes into trying to make it as outlandishly funny as possible, as well as deeply earnest and special, and not simply another *Observer* clone. (I defy anyone who read the "Cactus Jack in a Gym Bag" satire in the last issue--which was published before news about his torn ear came out--to call those Sushi News Service stories anything but cutting-edge humor and insightful, brilliant commentary.) Maybe calling Sushi just a "comedy" sheet was Dave's way of needling me and sending Sushiland a message that he was not amused by all the satire and poor taste that was appearing in the sheet, especially the stuff that poked fun, or worse, at him. I admit, as the friction between us began grew, what started out in jest, at the expense of the "guru" from Campbell, began to wear a cruel bite as the DM-jokes started sounding rather brutal, ugly, and vindictive.

Now, truthfully, at this point, the time for pettiness and lack of objectivity on my part and for me to continue using this sheet to unmercifully crucify someone, especially someone who, I appreciate, respect, and care about, has passed, and whatever else was bugging me back then, it does not seem so important anymore, if ever it really was.

I just got carried away with being a heel. I stayed "in character" more often than I should have, forgot to say "April Fools" after the jokes had worked, and, instead, I allowed the "heat" to grow out of proportion and expand beyond simple fun. I lost perspective and, eventually, I lost some good friends which has been the most bitter pill to swallow, since having good friends in wrestling is the best part of being a member of the underground. It's as simple as that, really. And a lot of you, like Dore DeQuattro, Rodney Leighton, Brian Tramel, Wade Ratliff, Ron Lemieux, even a newcomer like Randy Spotts, all of whom have been mentioned or have appeared in this issue in one way or another (as well as more than a few of you out there who were not mentioned, but who in one way or the other, either kindly or via a kick in the butt), finally got through to me, that some of the stuff about Meltzer in Sushi was, well, sort of like Dusty Rhodes back when he was always going for the blade or when he was constantly using the screw-job finish. In other words, the rancor and hostility exuding from this sheet was becoming a bit too much for almost everyone. Ironical, actually, that the more the gimmick worked, the more "heat" created, the more certain people got po'd or put-off, and then I got po'd because certain people didn't have a sense of humor (people who, I can't blame now for not wanting to be the permanent butt of a never-ending and "hostile" joke), and then, finally, when everyone was really bent out of shape, including me, what began as a hoot, an episodic wrestling-styled work, really, had turned into a full blown shoot, with a lot of legitimately injured feelings, frustration, and even anger. I'd let things go too far, and by then, even I was too po'd to stop and talk things out.

Regarding the "Questions for Dave" that we received a few months ago, I've still got them. They are a mixed bag, and could serve as good "stock" for a pot of Rodney Leighton's soup, but I no longer feel the energy or need to put them together in any format that would "serve any purpose" (as Paul MacArthur of *Wrestling Perspective* might say) and maybe the time for that angle, due to the circumstances in which it was hatched, has passed, too.

As for Ron Lemieux's "letter" which was not printed (and at this point is also no longer available), but copies of which were offered to anyone who asked (something which few readers did), this interesting fact alone, I think, says it all, says it better than anything or anybody ever could say it.

___That so few people were interested in it...?

No.

It's not because people don't care about Ron Lemieux (or Jeff Mullins) that they did not flood Sushiland with requests for Ron's letter. The reason, I believe, is because the era of endless feuding among past and present sheet editors, the days of constant (and for real) bickering between letter writers and columnists, the relentlessly abusive Meltzer bashing, and the petty (or even real) personal gripes which are done without humor, which, to some degree still goes on in the sheets, ie., the feuds, the bitches, and complaining, which

rarely if ever has anything substantive to do with wrestling itself, have, it seems, become old now, like things of a Jurassic past, and, maybe it's time to move on to other things as Rodney Leighton suggests, time to ferret out new risks and challenges as Wade Keller continues to do with his *Torch*, or time to seriously look at where we've been and where we are going as hardcores, as members of an underground, as wrestling friends and "brudders," (or "former" friends and brudders) and what we are all about, wrestling-wise, as Meltzer himself increasingly demonstrates and urges in the *Observer*, with his 4/4 editorial about AAA-Lucha Libre being an example of what's new and exciting out there, deserving of attention, ripe for exploitation and enjoyment and, yes, of course, ripe for a "leetle beet" of the old reeb and teekle versus whatever it was that Son of Sushi was doing and becoming that was going nowhere and was not a whole lot of fun anymore, which, to be honest, most of the time--the tossing of poison-tipped darts at Meltzer--never really was fun. Just stupid.

A few apologies...

To Ron Lemieux, who was one of the three best friends I've ever had in the underground. I realize now that you (like a lot of people) finally became uncomfortable with and then fed-up with this sheet's growing and mean-spirited bashing of Dave Meltzer, someone you've always admired and considered a friend, that it created a strain on our own friendship, that you put up with it for as long as you could, and that I'm as guilty as anyone for driving the wedge between Lake Mary and San Jose, and that it was mostly my doing, along with me creating a situation where even some of our mutual friends were growing uncomfortable and felt they had to take sides. I apologize for taking things too far, and I regret my part in pushing our friendship over the brink.

To Dave Meltzer, for things I've written in the past that were unfair, things which crossed over the line and were outside the bounds of teasing, and "gentle" bashing, and good-natured satire, I apologize. Were it not for you and your own courtesy in the past toward me and this sheet, I would not be enjoying this crazy sport in the way I do as an editor, and many of this sheet's longtime readers and friends may never have even given this sheet a look had you not once said some complimentary things about it. For the record, Dave, as you know, when you were in the hospital both times, I'm probably one of the only *Observer* readers who never called or sent a get well card. Not that I didn't want to, because I was concerned. But I didn't, and couldn't, because of all the crap that was going on, and that alone is an example of how fruitless all this has been. (I'm still gonna tease you, Dave, and I'm still gonna make fun of my favorite sport, because this is what I do, but when I really find myself disagreeing with you, I'll try to be more open and direct about it, instead of being such an ass.) I'm just sorry I let things escalate to the point where things like friendship and respect became victims of bull-headedness, stubborn pride, and taking things too seriously.

To the loyal readers of this sheet, especially those of you who have hung in there all these years, thru all the tantrums, hiatuses, changes, and SASE's, and for those who never stopped trying to tell me that I was blowing it, I can only say thank you. The fact that many of you are still around, I guess, means we are still doing a few things right. I hope we'll continue to have fun, fun with an edge, to be sure, but an edge that's not so acidic.

[To Lance LeVine, excellent writer, gifted humorist, savvy wrestling hardcore-Editor of *Chokehold*, a guy who this sheet has frequently described as being a talented, albeit "Yellow Bellied Nigard from Chi-town" or as virtueless as a hockey puck in a urinal (for reasons far too numerous to mention here), I, ah-h-h ... I want to... I, uh-h-h... I'd like to... Hmmm... I think I'm gonna need more time on this one, fellas.]

Well, enough of this.

Hey, Rodney! Got any of that farm animal body-parts soup left? I need something to drive the scurrilous taste of the past from my palate and give my bod the strength it will need to meet this sheet's (and wrestling's) challenging future head-on, with clear eyes, pure heart, fangs retracted (only slightly, of course, or it wouldn't be something from Sushiland), and with a tongue that's not so forked all the time, one that can also pronounce some of those crazy sounding Mexican names and terms that keep popping up in the *Observador*?

(What? You haven't heard? Yeah! He changed his name to Meltzerito, moved to Tijuana-by-the-Sea, wears an Octogon mask where ever he goes now, and...I'd tell you more, man, but, hey, being a technico now, well, I don't know if I could survive another rudo-like-feud-o like the ones that, hopefully, have just been penciled out.)

Well, be sure to mail your letters to the editor, and your sub orders or renewals real soon, since we'll be coming out monthly now, and sometimes *moocho* sooner, like the next issue which is already in the mail (for most of you!) Adios, amiegos! --Jeff Mullins, Sushiland